







Poetry.

**Funeral Hymn.**  
At the Funeral of Wendell Phillips.  
Calmly, calmly lay his dove!—  
He hath fought a noble fight;  
He had won the freedom's cause,  
Beneath all too bright for tears.  
Calmly, calmly lay his dove!—  
He was faithful to the last;  
For all that makes for human good,  
Men, women, righteously youth,  
Our age be still purest!  
He is gone, his soul is at rest,  
Yet it had a glorious life, lighted  
With hope, trust, and blazed,  
Hoping, trusting, by his dove,  
Left in the realm above,  
Wreathed in his immortal crown.

**Dear Hands.**

Boughed and woven with countless soft care,  
No perchard, grecian, or grecian bough,  
Was prepared for winter hands a jeweled case,  
And kept so close, they had the will to bear.  
The whole world, where arid jewel never shone,  
Was in unclouded circuit on the crest.  
I love you, and your golden circles  
Are the golden circles of my well-worked rest.

**Our Story Teller.**

PRYL.

CHAPTER I.

**The Town Mouse.**

Bliss at the Funeral of Wendell Phillips.

Calmly, calmly lay his dove!

He hath fought a noble fight;

He had won the freedom's cause,

Beneath all too bright for tears.

Calmly, calmly lay his dove!

He was faithful to the last;

For all that makes for human good,

Men, women, righteously youth,

Our age be still purest!

He is gone, his soul is at rest,

Yet it had a glorious life, lighted

With hope, trust, and blazed,

Hoping, trusting, by his dove,

Left in the realm above,

Wreathed in his immortal crown.

**Our Story Teller.**

PRYL.

CHAPTER I.

**The Town Mouse.**

Bliss at the Funeral of Wendell Phillips.

Calmly, calmly lay his dove!

He hath fought a noble fight;

He had won the freedom's cause,

Beneath all too bright for tears.

Calmly, calmly lay his dove!

He was faithful to the last;

For all that makes for human good,

Men, women, righteously youth,

Our age be still purest!

He is gone, his soul is at rest,

Yet it had a glorious life, lighted

With hope, trust, and blazed,

Hoping, trusting, by his dove,

Left in the realm above,

Wreathed in his immortal crown.

**Our Story Teller.**

PRYL.

CHAPTER I.

**The Town Mouse.**

Bliss at the Funeral of Wendell Phillips.

Calmly, calmly lay his dove!

He hath fought a noble fight;

He had won the freedom's cause,

Beneath all too bright for tears.

Calmly, calmly lay his dove!

He was faithful to the last;

For all that makes for human good,

Men, women, righteously youth,

Our age be still purest!

He is gone, his soul is at rest,

Yet it had a glorious life, lighted

With hope, trust, and blazed,

Hoping, trusting, by his dove,

Left in the realm above,

Wreathed in his immortal crown.

**Our Story Teller.**

PRYL.

CHAPTER I.

**The Town Mouse.**

Bliss at the Funeral of Wendell Phillips.

Calmly, calmly lay his dove!

He hath fought a noble fight;

He had won the freedom's cause,

Beneath all too bright for tears.

Calmly, calmly lay his dove!

He was faithful to the last;

For all that makes for human good,

Men, women, righteously youth,

Our age be still purest!

He is gone, his soul is at rest,

Yet it had a glorious life, lighted

With hope, trust, and blazed,

Hoping, trusting, by his dove,

Left in the realm above,

Wreathed in his immortal crown.

**Our Story Teller.**

PRYL.

CHAPTER I.

**The Town Mouse.**

Bliss at the Funeral of Wendell Phillips.

Calmly, calmly lay his dove!

He hath fought a noble fight;

He had won the freedom's cause,

Beneath all too bright for tears.

Calmly, calmly lay his dove!

He was faithful to the last;

For all that makes for human good,

Men, women, righteously youth,

Our age be still purest!

He is gone, his soul is at rest,

Yet it had a glorious life, lighted

With hope, trust, and blazed,

Hoping, trusting, by his dove,

Left in the realm above,

Wreathed in his immortal crown.

**Our Story Teller.**

PRYL.

CHAPTER I.

**The Town Mouse.**

Bliss at the Funeral of Wendell Phillips.

Calmly, calmly lay his dove!

He hath fought a noble fight;

He had won the freedom's cause,

Beneath all too bright for tears.

Calmly, calmly lay his dove!

He was faithful to the last;

For all that makes for human good,

Men, women, righteously youth,

Our age be still purest!

He is gone, his soul is at rest,

Yet it had a glorious life, lighted

With hope, trust, and blazed,

Hoping, trusting, by his dove,

Left in the realm above,

Wreathed in his immortal crown.

**Our Story Teller.**

PRYL.

CHAPTER I.

**The Town Mouse.**

Bliss at the Funeral of Wendell Phillips.

Calmly, calmly lay his dove!

He hath fought a noble fight;

He had won the freedom's cause,

Beneath all too bright for tears.

Calmly, calmly lay his dove!

He was faithful to the last;

For all that makes for human good,

Men, women, righteously youth,

Our age be still purest!

He is gone, his soul is at rest,

Yet it had a glorious life, lighted

With hope, trust, and blazed,

Hoping, trusting, by his dove,

Left in the realm above,

Wreathed in his immortal crown.

**Our Story Teller.**

PRYL.

CHAPTER I.

**The Town Mouse.**

Bliss at the Funeral of Wendell Phillips.

Calmly, calmly lay his dove!

He hath fought a noble fight;

He had won the freedom's cause,

Beneath all too bright for tears.

Calmly, calmly lay his dove!

He was faithful to the last;

For all that makes for human good,

Men, women, righteously youth,

Our age be still purest!

He is gone, his soul is at rest,

Yet it had a glorious life, lighted

With hope, trust, and blazed,

Hoping, trusting, by his dove,

Left in the realm above,

Wreathed in his immortal crown.

**Our Story Teller.**

PRYL.

CHAPTER I.

**The Town Mouse.**

Bliss at the Funeral of Wendell Phillips.

Calmly, calmly lay his dove!

He hath fought a noble fight;

He had won the freedom's cause,

Beneath all too bright for tears.

Calmly, calmly lay his dove!

He was faithful to the last;

For all that makes for human good,

Men, women, righteously youth,

Our age be still purest!

He is gone, his soul is at rest,

Yet it had a glorious life, lighted

With hope, trust, and blazed,

Hoping, trusting, by his dove,

Left in the realm above,